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THE
FATIGUES
OF A
GREAT MAN:
OR, THE
PLAGUE
OF

Serving one's COUNTRY.

A
SATYRE.

Qui capit Ille facit.



L O N D O N :

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By the Author.

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ET Peasants rise at Morn, 'tis more
Polite
For Statesman to transmute the Day to
Night;
And if my Lord vouchsafe to wake by Noon,
His Parasites cry out, 'Tis very soon!

The Fumes of Wine still undigested Lye,
Clogg'd in his Brain, and dead'ning in his Eye;

Half Sober, half Awake, he leaves his Bed,
While flatt'ring Slaves approach with Fear and
Dread :

This craves an Audience for Affairs of Weight,
While that proposes something for the State.

The *Tradesman* at a Distance with his Bill,
Fearful of being Calhir'd, or treated Ill,
Bows, makes dumb Signs, as willing to Express
His tott'ring State, and Family's Distress.

Some wretched Souls by Promises seduc'd
To the last Exigence of Life reduc'd,
Waiting for Places in his Honour's Gift,
Fed up with Hopes, and brought to their last Shift;
With shabby thread-bare Cloaths, and Meagre mein,
Half famish'd, half distracted, and scarce clean;
Unto an Angle of the Room withdraw,
Nor dare Approach, so much they're kept in Awe.

This motly Crowd, he with a Glance Surveys,
And something says, which they are sure to Praise:
Then to dismiss 'em, there's the great Fatigue!
For he has other Business,——an Intrigue.

The Letters and Petitions in a Heap,
Unread are laid aside, in Peace to Sleep:
He shakes the *Tradesman's* Hand, and cracks a Joke,
And to Amuse him, something New's bespoke:

When

When that is done, he's surely to be Paid;
This is the Modish Way with Men of Trade.

To the poor hungry Souls that wait for Places,
He seems to Pause, and Smiling in their Faces,
Cries out, *I han't forgot you;—come to Morrow;*
And thus 'tis every Morning to their Sorrow.

The poor Projector takes his Answer next;
Sir, that your Thought is Pretty, 'tis Confest;
But I thereto, could some Improvements make,
Which will much Time, and serious Study take;
'Tis better that you trust the Thing with Me,
You may be sure of my Sincerity.

The Fellow leaves it, tho' with Hesitation,
'Tis now my Lord's, with little Alteration.
Go stupid *Schemist!* 'tis thy Turn to moan,
Thy darling Project is no more thine own;
The Porter has his *Cue*, 'tis my Lord's Pleasure
That thou shalt never find him more at Leisure.

Ah! poor deluded Wretch, 'tis now in Vain
For thee to Dance Attendance, or Complain;
Unopen'd lie thy *Letters* on a Heap,
The Harvest thou hast Sown, he now shall reap:
Curse then thy Fate, and let thy Heart-Strings
break,
For thy Projection shall his Fortune make.

Lo!

Lo ! it succeeds, and bears the Pyrate's Name,
 Loads him with Honours, Titles, Wealth and Fame;
 While thou shalt grind thy very *Teeth* to see
 His ev'ry Creature be preferr'd, but thee.

So modern Players, modern Poets use,
 They first transcribe their Works, and then refuse;
 And with a little Nonsense of their own,
 They palm the patch-work Brat upon the *Town*.
 Ev'n thus with *Savage* serv'd in latter Days,
 While † *Bullock* reap'd the Profit, and the Praise,

Be this the Fate of each projecting Knave,
 Who plots to squeeze the poor laborious Slave :
 Forms Schemes of Imposition, to Oppress
 And load the Miserable with Distress.
 Caught in the Snare which he for Others laid,
 May he be forc'd to toil for daily Bread :
 May he destroy himself through Discontent,
 To see that by the *Tax* he did Invent,
 Others appear in Splendor and in Pride,
 Build Country Seats, and in their Coaches Ride ;
 While all the Praise and Profit that he gains,
 Is to be curst, and hated for his Pains.

• *Vide Love's a Riddle.*

Lea

Leave we, this Wretch, for Gods and Men to spurn,
 And, to my Lord, dear angry Muse return;
 Who's now dismiss'd the begging fawning Train,
 And yet another Audience does remain;
The Surgeon first, who with great Skill and Care,
 Sustains his crazy Carcass in Repair.

Next him,—to lengthen out the Morn's Fatigue,
 Appears his Sur-intendant of Intrigue,
 With whom he holds a private Consultation:
 (*Let others mind the Business of the Nation!*)

A Damsel's introduc'd to be survey'd,
 Vouch'd under Hand and Seal to be a Maid;
 She's lik'd, the Bargain's made, the Money's told;
 And lo! her twentieth Maidenhead is fold.

Unknown is the Fatigue of being great;
 Unknown the *Toils* of labouring for the State:
 His Morning's Business is not yet half done,
 And *Phœbus* more than half his Course has run:
Tradesmen and *Clowns* have din'd a long Time past,
 But the poor *Statesman* has not broke his Fast;
 On Beef, and Pork, they Feed, while puny He
 Can scarcely swallow down a Dish of Tea.

The *Shepherd* takes his Bottle from his Crook,
 Sits down Supine, fast by some murm'ring Brook;
 Alone, and Indolent, in heav'nly Ease,
 Full heartily he feasts on Bread and Cheese;

And

And eagerly he fwiggs his home brew'd Beer,
While Appetite attones for homely Chear.

Not so my Lord ; the Tea-Cup in his Hand,
Round him a Croud of busy Mortals stand ;
Who give him scarce the Time to take a Sip,
But oft intruding 'twixt the Cup and Lip.
With weighty Matters fill his Lordship's Head,
This Horse has broke his *Wind*, that Hound is
Dead ;

That he at such a Race lost such a Bett,
Isn't this enough to make a Statesman Frett ?

This spoils his Breakfast, down he throws his Tea,
He must be Drest, and that Immediately.

Himself he Curles for a stupid Sot,
A most important Thing he has forgot.
A blooming Fair in Nature's Pride and Prime,
Is to be met at such a Place and Time :
Ev'n now the Hour is come, the fair One waits,
Nor will he disappoint her for the Fall of States.

Now Barbers, Taylors, Shoemakers, display
Their utmost Skill to make his Lordship gay :
A Pound of scented Powder swells his *Wig*,
His Buckles, as his Horse's Harness, Big ;
His Silver Clocks, which o'er his Calves arise,
Claim due Respect from all Beholders Eyes :

Full perpendicular, and high is Stuck
 The quiet Dagger, or the harmless Tuck ;
 Tight fits his Jockey's Coat around his Waste,
 And thus our Hero issues out in Haste :

Not always so, for when he would express
 A Shew of *Thought*, he wears his *Thoughtful Dress*;
 By sober Coat, full *Trimm'd* with copious Sleeve,
 And venerable *Tye* well Comb'd, you would believe
 With Weight of States and Kingdoms, he's Opprest,
 When 'tis his Body, not his Mind is Drest.

But now he's all *Dégagee* and Polite,
 Prepar'd to taste his purchas'd Bliss at Night,
 A Curse of Interruption !—in the Street,
 Just stepping to his Coach, he haps to meet
 With One, to whom he promis'd long a Place,
 Just given to another—wretched Case !
 All cannot be oblig'd, my Lord's a Wit,
 And 'tis an easy Matter to forget :
 Besides, he'd promis'd it two Days ago,
 And Promises so Old, are Void, you know.

However, that the Man may be appeas'd,
 And lest his *Lordship* should be farther teaz'd,
 He takes him by the Hand, and Cries, *My Friend*
That Post for you, I really did intend ;

But such an unforeseen Event occur'd,
I thought it best the Thing should be demurr'd.
I have a Place much better in my Eye,
'Twill be in my Disposal Bye and Bye :
Depend upon't, 'tis yours, my dearest Brother
Shouldn't Byass Me to give it to Another.
 The Wretch believes, tho' at the self same Hour,
 If twenty Vacancies were in his Pow'r,
 This Man should have no Share; thus great Men feed
 With airy Promises, poor Souls in need.
 They Hope, they Starve, they Cringe, and they Attend,
 'Till Beggary, or Felony's the End.

Vain Fools, who think that Statesmen Places give
 That is no Way in Luxury to live.
 What tho' my Lord does not directly sell;
 If he goes Halves, that sure will do as well:
 For this the Diff'rence is 'twixt Him and Cits,
 They by their Trading live, he by his Wits.

The Peasant must attend the painful Plow,
 And earn his Bread with Drops from off his Brow
 Th' Artificer must Toil full soon and late,
 The Merchant on the Ocean tempt his Fate:
 The Statesman's Business is to live at Ease,
 And drain their Money from 'em by Degrees.

[II]

But soft, my Muse, his Lordship now must Dine
 For Ortlans wait, and rich Burgundy Wine.
 Now all the Dainties, Nature can afford,
 Are rang'd Promiscuous on the plenteous Board;
 And such Variety invites the Sight,
 As quite confounds the wanton Appetite.
 In short, the Scene of Luxury is such,
 He's even tempted now to eat too much.

What must he do, his Stomach is too full,
 His Spirits, with Fatigue, are grown dull. *now*
 The chearful Glass, too nimbly round has past,
 And prov'd Intoxicating at the last.
 Let servile Souls their wonted Labours keep,
 My Lord has toil'd so much, 'tis Time to Sleep.
 Retire, ye Slaves, and let his Lordship doze,
 Nor let one Breath disturb his soft Repose.

After a gentle Nap refresh'd he wakes;
 And now a little Tour to White's he takes,
 Loiters about, and whiles the Time away:
 At last his Fancy leads him to the Play:
 The Old House like him not, he seeks the New;
 Ev'n there he tarries but an Act or two.

The Box-Keepers approach with awful Bow,
 While he receives 'em with a scornful Brow;

He *B*

He feeds their Eyes, displays a silken Purse,
 Goes out enrag'd, and pays 'em with a Curse:
 And if it chance to be an Infant-Play,
 Well may the wretched Author rue the Day!
My Lord is disoblig'd, and that's enough;
 The Bard's an Ass, the Play is stupid Stuff.

Now for the *Bagnio*, and the blooming Fair;
 (Tis fit to blend some Pleasure with our Care:)
 Let Toils of Moment, and Affairs of State,
 A while on *Love*, and gentle Dalliance wait:
 Let Viper-Broth and Jellies now revive
 His flagging Spirits, Art with Nature strive!
 To give his Lordship Power to taste Delight,
 And crown the Day's Fatigue with a delicious Night.

Stop here, my Muse! and let his Lordship rest,
 The *Scene* becomes too gross to be exprest,
 And but a *Toil of Pleasure*, at the best;
 Nor envy him, while in the Fair One's Arms
 He strives, in vain, to taste her prostrate Charms;
 So much he's been fatigu'd with *Toils of State*,
 Nature exhausted sinks beneath the Weight.

He envies now the simple *Shepherd Swain*,
 That, full of Health and Vigour, on the Plain,
 Or in some shady Wood, or verdant Glade,
 Joys and enjoys the wholesome rural Maid.

He now repents, that for his Country's Sake;
 (Ungrateful Country!) he such Pains should take:
 Witness the watchful Nights and tedious Days,
 When at Elections he has born the Bays:
 'Tis even almost incredible to think
 How much he for his Country's Cause;—would drink.

How has he been compell'd to cringe and bow,
 To court the surly Peasant at the Plough?
 To creep into the *Cobler's* filthy Stall;
 To dandle after the Inn keeper's Call;
 To be affronted, contradicted, nos'd;
 To be bamboozled, ridicul'd, expos'd;
 All this, and more, with Patience forc'd to bear,
 To gain his Point:—Is this *no Toil and Care?*

Cease then, ye reptile Herd! *Plöbeans* base!
 Ye grumbling, carping, discontented Race!
 Cease then to meddle with *Affairs of State*;
 Forbear to envy, or arraign the Great:
 You see their dazling Pomp, and outward Show;
 But ah! their inward Cares ye little know.
 'Tis most ungrateful sure, to envy those,
 Who sacrifice for you their soft Repose:
 Go mind your *Trades*, and labour in *your Way*,
 That you may bear a Part, as well as they.

This

This little Sketch, the Muse has slightly drawn;
 And trac'd my Lord from Noon to Morning's Dawn;
 If Copy and Original agree,
 Yet, even here, no *trifling* *Toils* you see;
 For if one Day's Fatigues so great appear,
 O! what must be the *Labour* of a Year?

F I N I S.

